

Is Not Celebrating Birthdays A Birthright?

I have friends who have stopped celebrating their birthdays. My grandmother wouldn't have approved. She lived to be ninety-one and she celebrated every one of those ninety-one years. Granted, some years were better than others; but she'd ask me if I knew how many people in the cemetery would like to be her age. The answer, of course, was all of them. As we get older, candles on a cake can be a problem. Okay, they can be a fire hazard. After we're twenty-one there should be just one candle. One candle would be easier to light, it would be easier to blow out and it would be easier to make wishes to come true. Oh yes, and there'd be less chance of Cousin Walter blowing his bridgework into the frosting. With age comes experience. Now I plan exactly what I want to do to celebrate my New Year's Day. People who think they have nothing to celebrate could celebrate having the opportunity to celebrate. Children celebrate with parties, but their parties have changed. Bozo has been replaced by Sponge Bob; and pony rides have been replaced by large, inflatable trampolines. I'm not sure if children play musical chairs anymore, but playing pin the tail on the donkey would be politically incorrect. Maybe they could play pin the election on the independent. Although my children are too old for party games, I've found new ways to celebrate the days they were born. I celebrate not being nauseous in the morning, not retaining water and not falling off mood swings. Because I gave my sons life, I think they should send me thank you notes on their birthday. I think they should thank me for my presence. Birthday presents are today's version of the gift of the Magi. I have no idea where to find frankincense and myrrh and I have no idea what I'd do with them if I found them, but gold works for me. In fact, I've hinted to my husband on more than one occasion that giving gold shows good karater. Unfortunately, my husband is one of those people who say they have everything they want. One year I pretended to take him at his word. When he opened a small, prettily wrapped box, he discovered a pair of earrings for me. "Now", I told him, "you really do have everything because you have a happy wife".

About the Author

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